

THE
Lamentations of Amyn-
tas for the death of Phillis, para-
phrastically translated out of Latine in-
to English Hexameters by
Abraham Fraunce.



LONDON
Printed by Iohn Wolfe, for Thomas Newman,
and Thomas Gubbin. *Anno Dom. 1587.*

TRANSLATIONS OF

THE

OF

TO

OF



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LONDON

Printed by John Wolfe for Thomas Newman

and Thomas Gibson. No. 1. 7. 7.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVABLE,
vertuous and learned Ladie, the Ladie Mary,
Countesse of Penbroke.



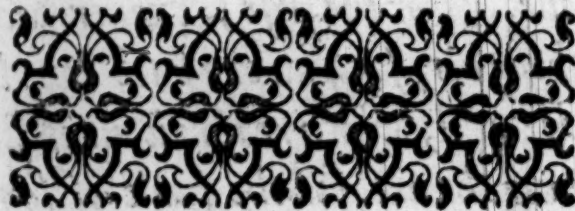
*Ine afflicted mind and crased bodie, together
with other externall calamities haue wrought
such sorowfull and lamentable effects in me,
that for this whole yeare I haue wholly giuen
ouer my selfe to mournfull meditations. A-
mong others, Amintas is one, which being first prepared for
one or two, was afterward by the meanes of a few, made com-
mon to manie, and so pitifully disfigured by the boistrous hand-
ling of vnskilfull pen men, that he was like to haue come abroad
so vnlike himselfe, as that his own Phillis would neuer haue
taken him for Amintas. Which vtter vndoing of our poore
shepeheard, I knew not well otherwise how to preuent, but by
repairing his ragged attire, to let him passe for a time vnder
your honourable protection. As for his foes, they either gene-
rallie mislike this vnusuall kind of verse, or els they fancie not
my peculier trauaile. For the first, I neuer heard better ar-
gument of them then this, such an one hath done but ill, there-
fore no man can doe well, which reason is much like their own
rimes in condemning the art, for the fault of some artificers.
Now for the second sort of reprehenders who think well of the
thing, but not of my labour therein, mine answer is at hand.
If there were anie penaltie appointed for him that would not
reade, he might well complaine of me that publish it to be read.*

The Epistle Dedicatorie. THE OT

But if it be in euerie mans choise to read it, or not to reade, why then not in mine also to publish or not to publish it? He that will, let him see and reade; he that will neither reade nor see, is neither bound to see nor read. He that taketh no delight in reading, let him thinke that among so manie men so diuersly affected, there may be some found of a contrarie humor. If anie begin to read, when he beginneth to take no delight, let him leaue of and goe no further. If he folow on in reading without pleasure, let him neither blame me that did what I could, nor be angrie with the thing which hath no sense, but reprehend himselfe who would continue in reading without any pleasure taking.

Your honours
most affectionat.

Abraham Fraunce.





The First Lamentation.

IN flowre of young yeares fayre Phillis lately departing,
With teares continual was daily bewayld of Amyntas,
halfe mad Amyntas, careful Amintas, mournful Amintas.
Whose mourning al night, al day, did weary the mountains,
Wearie the woods, and wyndes, and caues, and weary the fountains.
But when he saw in vaine his cheekes with teares to be watred,
cheeks al pale and wan, yet could not finde any comfort,
comfortles then he turns at length his watery countnance

Vnto the shril waters of Thames, and there he beginneth:
Here, O nimph, these plaints, here, O good nimph, my bewailings,
And conuey them downe to thy kinsmans watery kingdome,
Down to the world washing main sea with speedy reflowing:
Worldwashing main-sea wil then conuey to the worlds end
This grieuous mourning, by the shore, by the sands, by the desert,
Desert, lands, and shore which witnes were to my mourning.

And great God Neptune perchaunce, his mightily thundring
Triton, wil commaund to recount what I feele, what I suffer,
Raging heate of loue, passing outrageous Aetna.

So th' infamous fame of wretched louer Amyntas,
Blown from th' east to the west, by the sounding trump of a Triton,
Through deepe seas passing, at length may pearce to Auernus,
And fyelds Elysian where blessed soules be abyding.

And there meete Phillis, sweete soule of Phillis among them,
Sweete soule of Phillis, stil, stil, to be mournd of Amyntas,

O what a life did I leade, what a blessed life did I leade then,
Happy shepheard with a louing lasse, while destiny suffred?
Vnder a beech many times wee sate most sweetely together,
Vnder a broade beech tree that sunbeames might not anoy vs,
Either in others armes, stil looking either on other:
Both, many rimes singing, and verses both many making,
And both so many woords with kisses so many mingling.
Sometimes her white neck, as white as milk, was I tutching,

The first Lamentation.

Sometimes her pretie paps, and breast was I bold to be fingring,
Whil't Phillis smyling and bushing hangd by my bosome,
And these cheekes of mine did stroke with her yuory fingers,
these cheekes with yong heare like soft downe all to bee smeared,
O ioyful spring time with pleasure wished abounding,
O those blessed dayes while good lucke shyn'd fro the heauens,
But since Phillis, alas, did leaue most cursed Amyntas,
Pains haue plagued, alas, both flesh and bones of Amintas,
No day riseth, alas, but it heares these grones of Amintas,
No night commeth, alas, that brings any rest to Amintas,
Night and day thus, alas, stil Phillis troubleth Amintas.

Now if northern blasts should sound their feareful alarum,
And boistrous tempests, come thundring down fro the heauens,
So that I were compeld with sheepe and kidds fro the pastures
Down to the broadbrancht trees & thick set groues to be skudding,
There to remain for a while, and al for feare of a scowring,
Phillis then do I want, then my sweete Phillis is absent,
Phillis then do I want: whose wont was then to be harckning
Al that I could of loue, and goddes louely remember:
Songs of lusty satyrs, and Fauni friends to the mountains,
And cheerefull Charites: such songs, as none but I onely,
Onely Amintas made, for none compar'd with Amintas:

But now, Phillis I want, and who shal now bee my Phillis?
Who shall marke what I sing, what I say, forsaken Amintas?
If that I praise Phillis, these hills giue praise to my Phillis,
And Phillis, Phillis, from rocks with an Eccho, reboundeth,
Thus by the whistling windes my mournings, made but a iesting,
If that I grone, these trees with bending, yeeld many gronings:
And very ground for grieve shews her complexion altred:
So this ground, these trees, these rocks, and Eccho resounding,
All that I heare, that I see, giues fresh increase to my sorrow.

Go poore sheepe and kidds, sometimes the delyte of Amintas,
Seeke now fomewhere else both gras and boughs to refresh you,
Make your way by the fields, and neuer looke for Amintas,
Lodge your selues at night, and neuer looke for Amintas.
Some pitiful Goodman wil take compassion on you,
And feede you wandring, and bring you home by the cuning.

And I alone, yeelding due mourning vnto my Phillis,

Phillis.

The first Lamentation.

Phillis mine and yours (for you also shee regarded)
Ile now wander alone, stil alone, by the rocks, by the mountains,
Dwelling in darke dens by the wilde beasts only frequented,
Where no path for man, where no man's seene to bee passing:
Or to the woods Ile goe, so darke with broadshadoe braunches,
That no Sunne by the day, no starre by the night do anoy mee,
And that I heare no voice, but Goblins horrible outcries,
Owles baleful scrikings, and crows vulucky refoundings.
There shall these myne eyes be resolut in watery fountains:
There shall these fountains flow ouer along by the pastures:
There wil I make such plaints, as beasts shal mourn by my playnings,
Such plaints, as strong trees shal rent and riue fro the rooting,
Make wylde Panthers tame, and mollify lastly the flintstone.
And if I needs must sleepe, I'll take but a nap by my sleeping,
On bare and cold ground, these lims al weary reposing:
No greene turfe to my head, shal stand in steede of a pillow,
No bowes or braunches geene cou'ring vnto my carkas,
That some foule serpent may speedily giue me my deaths wound:
That this poore soule may from flesh and bloud be released,
And passing stygian waters, may come to the faire fields,
Elysian faire fields, and daily resort to my Phillis.

Meane while, friendly shepheards & plowmen, mark what I tel you,
Marke what I say (for I think you knew and loued Amintas.)
Disdaine daintie Venus, giue no ground vnto the blind boy,
Yong boy, but strong boy: take heede, take heed by Amintas.
Th'one with a fire hath burnt, and th'other pearst with an arrow
Flesh, and bones, and bloud: whats worse then a fire, then an arrow?
O bitter fortune of too too wretched Amintas.

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The second Lamentation.

WHen by the pleasant streams of Thames poore caitif Amintas
Had to the dull waters his grief thus vainly reuealed,
Spending al that day and night in vainly reuealing,
As soone as morning her shining heares fro the mountains
Had shewn forth, and dryu'n al star-light quite fro the heauens,
Then that vnhappy shepheard stil plag'd with vnhappily louing,
Left thole barren banks and waters no pity taking,

And on a crookt sheephooke his lims all weary reposing,
Climed a loft to the hills, but, alas, very faintly clymed,
Kiddes, and goats, and sheepe driuing, goodman, to the mountains,
for sheepe, goats, and kidds with pastures better abounding,
Then by the way thus he spake, to the sheep, to the goats, to the yong

O poore flock, it seems you feele these pangs of a louer, (kidds.
And mourne thus to behold your mournful maister Amyntas.
Your wont was, some part to be bleating, some to be skipping,
Some with bended browes and horned pates to be butting,
Sheepe to be gnapping grasse, and goats to the vines to be climbing.
But now no such thing, but now no lust to be liuely,
Sheepe and scelly shepheard with lucklesse loue bee besotted,
You for Amintas mourne, for Phillis mourneth Amyntas,
O with what miseries poore mortal men be molested?

Now do I know right wel what makes you thus to be mourning,
Thus to be tyred, thus to be quailed, thus to be drooping:
Phillis while she remaynd, milkt my goates euer at euning,
Goats that brought home duggs stretcht with milk euer at euning.
Phillis brought them flowres, & them brought vnto the welsprings,
When dogdayes rained, when fields were al to be scorched,
Whilst that I lay sleeping in cooling shade to refresh mee.

Phillis againe was woont with Amyntas, sheepe to be washing,
Phillis againe was wont my sheepe thus washt to be shearing,
Then to the sweete pastures my sheepe thus shorne to be driuing,
And from fox and wolfe my sheepe thus dryu'n to bee keeping
With watchfull bawling and strength of lustie Lycisca,

And

The second Lamentation.

And in folds and coates my flocke thus kept, to be closing:
Least by the Northern winds my sheepe might chance to be pinched
Least by the frost or snow my kids might chance to be grieved,
Phillis lou'd you so, so Phillis lou'd Amintas,
Phillis a guide of yours, and Phillis a friend of Amintas.
But sweete sheepe, sweete goates, spare not to be liuelie, for all this,
Looke not vpon my weeping face so sadly, for all this,
Harken not to my plaints and songs all heauie, for all this,
Harken not to my pipe, my pipe vnluckie, for all this.
But sweete sheepe, sweete goates, leaue of your maister Amintas,
Leape and skip by the flowring fields, and leaue of Amintas,
Climbe to the vines and tender trees, and leaue of Amintas,
Climbe to the vines, but runne for life, for feare of a mischiefe,
When th'old Silenus with his Asse comes lasilie trotting,
Let me alone, me alone lament and mourne my beloued,
Let me alone celebrate her death by my teares, by my mourning:
Like to the siluer swan, who seeing death to be comming,
Wandreth alone for a while through streames of louelie Caister,
Then to the flowring bankes all faint at length he repaireth,
Singing there, sweet bird his dying song to Caister,
Geuing there, sweet bird, his last farewell to Caister,
Yeelding vp, sweete bird, his breath and song to Caister.
How can Amintas liue, when Phillis leaueth Amintas?
What for fieldes, for woods, for medowes careth Amintas,
Medowes, woods, and fieldes if my sweete Phillis abandon?
Mightie Pales fro the fieldes, fro the medowes learned Apollo,
Faunus went fro the woods, when Phillis went from Amintas,
No good sight to my eyes, no good sound came to my hearing.
But let Phillis againe come backe, and stay with Amintas,
Then shall woods with leaues, and fields with flowers be abounding,
Medowes with greene grasle to the poore mans dailie reioicing,
Mightie Pales to the fields, to the medowes learned Apollo,
Faunus comes to the woods, if Phillis come to Amintas,
No bad sight to my eyes, no bad sound comes to my hearing.
Come then, good Phillis, come back, if destinie suffer,
Leaue those blessed bowers of fowles alreadie departed,
Let those sparkling eyes most like to the fire, to the Christall,
Overcome those hags and fiends of fearefull Auernus.

The second Lamentation.

Which haue ouercome those stars of chearful Olympus.
And by thy speech more sweet then songs of Thracian Orpheus,
Pacify th'infernall furies, please Pluto the grim god,
Stay that bawling curre, that three throt horrible helhound,
For vertue, for voice, th'art like to Sibilla, to Orpheus.

Sweet hart, come, to thy friend, to thy friend come speedelie sweet-
Speedelie come, least grief consume forsaken Amintas. hart.)

Phillis, I pray thee returne, if prayers may be regarded,
By these teares of mine, from cheekes aie rueful abounding,
By those armes of thine, which somtimes clasped Amintas,
By lips thine and mine, ioined most sweetly together,
By faith, hands, and hart with true sinceritie pledged,
By songs, by wedding with great solemnitie vowed,
By iests, and good turns, by pleasures all I beseech thee,
Helpe and succor, alas, thy forlorne louer Amintas.
Or by thy teares intreat those nimphs of destenie fatall,
No pitie taking nimphs intreat, that I liue not alone thus,
Pind thus away with grieve, suffering vnspeakable anguish,
But let death, let death, come speedelie giue me my passport,
So that I find faire fields, faire seats, faire groues by my dying,
And in fields, in seats, in groues faire Phillis abiding.
There shal Phillis againe, in curtesie striue with Amintas.
There with Phillis againe, in curtesie striue shal Amintas,
There shall Phillis againe make garlands gay for Amintas,
There for Phillis againe, gay garlands make shal Amintas,
There shal Phillis againe be repeating songs with Amintas,
Which songs Phillis afore had made and song with Amintas.

But what, alas, did I meane, to the whistling winds to be mourning?
As though mourning could restore what destenie taketh.

Then to his house, ful sad, when night approcht, he returned.

The





The third Lamentation.

ANd now since buriall of Phillis louely, the third day
At length appeared, when that most careful Amintas
Looft his kids fro the fold, and sheepe let forth fro the sheepcoats,
And to the neighbour hils full set with trees he resorted,
Where, as amidst his flocke, his lasse thus lost he bewaileth,
And makes fond wishes with deepe sighs interrupted,
And the relenting aire with his owncries all to bebeateth;
Eccho could not now to the last words yeeld anie Eccho,
All opprest with loue, for her old loue still she remembred,
And she remembred still, that sweet Narcissus her old loue,
With teares all blubbred, with an inward anguish amased.
When she begins to resound, her sobs still stay the resounding,
When she begins her speech, her grieve still stoppeth her halfe speech,
With which her wont was with louers sweetlie to dallie.

During these her dumps, thus againe complaineth Amintas,
During these his plaints, she with all compassion harkneth.

O what a warre is this with loue thus still to be striuing?
O what a wild fire's this conueid to my hart by the blind boy?
That neither long time can bring anie end to my striuing
Nor teares extinguish this wild fire thrown by the blind boy?

Then then, alas, was I lost, ô then then, alas, was I vndone,
When the corallcolored lips were by me greedelie vewed,
And eies like bright stars, and faire browes daintily smiling,
And cheareful forehead with gold wire al to bedecked,
And cheekes al white red, with snow and purple adorned,
And pure flesh swelling with quicke vaines speedilie mouing,
And such fine fingers, as were most like to the fingers
Of Tithonus wife, platting th'old beard of her husband.

What shal I say to the rest? each part vnited in order,
Each part vnspotted, with long roabes couered each part.
VWhat shall I say to the rest? manie kisses ioynd to the sweet words,
And manie words of weight in like sort ioind to the kisses,

The third Lamentation.

Vnder a greene Laurell sitting, and vnder a myrtle,
Myrtle due to Venus, greene Laurell due to Apollo.
That litle earthen pot these ioyes hath now from me snatched,
That litle earthen pot where Phillis bones be reserued,
O thrise happie the pot, where Phillis bones be reserued,
And thrise happie the ground, where this pot shall be reserued.
Earth, and earthen pot, you haue the belou'd of Amintas,
Natures sweete deareling, and onelie delight to the whole world,
And sunne of this soile, of these woods onelie Diana,
Onelie Pales of seellie shepeheards, Pandora the goddes,
Excluding all faults, including onelie the goodnes,
O thrise happie the earth, but much more happie the earth pot.

O thrise happie the grasse that growes on graue of a goddes,
And shooting vpward, displayes his top to the heauens.
Sweete blasts of Lephyrus shall make this grasse to be seemelle,
No Sithe shall touch it, no serpent craftelie lurking
With venomous breathing, or poison deadlie shall hurt it:
No Lionesse foule pawes, Beares foot, beastes horne shall abuse it,
No birds with pecking, no vermine filthie by creeping,
No winters hoare frost, no night dewes dangerus humor,
No rage of suns heat, no starres or power of heauens,
No boistrous tempest, no lightnings horrible outrage.

Drue hence, good plowmē, drue hence your wearied oxen, (grasse
And you, friendlie shepeheards, kepe back your sheepe fro the graues
Least your sheepe vnwares may chaunce by my loue to be harmed,
Least by the bulles rude rage her bones may chaunce to be brui'd,
Whilst with foot and horne he the graues ground teareth asunder.

Make hast you young men, make hast all you pretie damsels,
With sacred water this sacred place to besprinkle:
Burne Piles of beache trees, and then cast on the sabæan
Spice to the Piles burning, send sweet perfumes to the heauens,
Cinnamon, and Casia, violets, and loued Amomum,
Red colored roses, with Bearebrech cast ye together.

And then on euerie side set tapers sacred in order,
And beate your bare breasts with filts all wearie for anguish,
And sing sweet Epitaphes, lifting your voice to the heauens,
Sing soure sweete Epitaphes in death and prayse of a goddes.
Wanton fleshly Satyrs, and Fauni friends to the mountaines,

Nymphes

The third Lamentation.

Nymphs addict to the trees, and in most gracious order
Three graces ioining, shall beare you companie mourning.

And I my selfe will dresse, embalme, and cheere my beloued,
And folowing her coarfe, (all pale and wan as a dead man,)
Wearie the woods with plaints, & make new streams by my weeping
Such streames as no banck shall barre, streams euer abounding,
Such streames as no drought shall drie, streames neuer abating.
With me Parnassus, with me shall mourne my Apollo,
And Venus, all chased that destenie tooke my beloued.

And that same vile boy that first did ioin me to Phillis,
His lamp shall laie downe, and painted quier abandon,
And with his owne pretie teares trickling, and sweetlie befeeming,
Help me to mourn, althogh that he gaue first cause to my mourning.

But what, alas, do I meane to repeat these funeral outcries,
Still to repeat these songs, and still too late to repeat them?
Thrice hath Phœbus now displaid his beames fro the mountaines,
Thrice hath Phœbus now discended downe to the maine sea,
Since my beloud was dead, since our good companie parted,
Since Phillis buried, since all solemnities ended,
Since my delites, poore wretch, were all inclofd in a coffin,
Yet do I mourne here still, though no good coms by my mourning,
Adding tears to my tears, and sorrows vnto my sorrows,
And no stay to my tears, and no rest coms to my sorrows.

O strong boy, strong bow, and O most dangerus arrow,
Now doe I find it a paine, which first did seeme but a pleasure,
Now doe I feele it a wound, which first did seeme but a smarting,
When strong boy, strong bow, shot first that dangerus arrow.

Thus did Amintas mourne, and then came home by the sonset.

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The fourth Lamentation.

THrise had shining sunne withdrawn his face fro the heauens,
And earth all darkned, since Phillis friendlie departed,
And when fourth day came, then againe true louer Amintas,
Mindful of old loue stil, tooke no ioy flock to be feeding,
But stil alone wandring, through fields, to the banks, to the waters,
Leaned his head on bank, and eyes cast down to the waters,
VVith teares incessant his cheeks full waterie washing.

VVhat now resteth, alas, to be doone of woful Amintas?
No sence, no knowledge in these vnsensible ashes,
In graue no feeling, in death ther's no pitie taking.

Phillis makes but a iest, dead Phillis mocketh Amintas,
Phillis breaks her faith, and plaies with Pluto the black prince,
Pluto the black prince now enioies those ioyes of Amintas,

Speak on, good sweet nymphs, if you can tell anie tidings,
VVhether among those trulls that wait on Queene of Auernus,
My Queene and Empres, my Phillis chaunce to be spinning?
Speake, for I feare, for I feare, shee'l neuer come to Amintas,

And thou Syluanus, Siluanus good to the mountains,
And flocks on mountains, ô helpe most helples Amintas,
Helpe by thy selfe, by thy friends, thou god cause gods to be helping,
For my religion, for my deuotion help me,
For thine own boyes sake, for loue of sweet Cyparissus,
Either let Phillis be returned backe to Amintas,
Or let Amintas dye, that death may succor Amintas.

And thou naughtie Cupid, yet say on, giue me thy counsail,
VVhat shal I do, shal I dye? shal Amintas murder Amintas?
Dye then Amintas: death will bring Phillis to Amintas.
O hard harted loue, thou seest what I beare, what I suffer,
Hart with flames, and eyes with mournful water abounding,
Head with cares posselt, and soule ful of horrible anguish,
This thou seest, and sure I do know, it greeus thee to see this,
Though they call thee tyrant, though so thou iustlie be called,

Though

The fourth Lamentation.

Though thy nature passe *Buliris* beaſtlye behauiour:
For what makes me to mourne, may cauſe thee:yeeld to my mour-
One rude rock, one wind, & one tempeſtuus outrage (ning:
Batters, breaks, and beats thy ſhip, my ſhip to the quickſands.
Our harmes are equal, thy ſhip wrack like to my ſhipwrack,
Loue did loue *Phillis*, *Phillis* was loud of *Amintas*,
Phillis loues dearling, *Phillis* dearling of *Amintas*,
Dearling, crowne, garland, hope, ioy, wealth, health of *Amintas*,
And what more ſhal I ſay? for I want words fit for *Amintas*.

And thou churliſh ground, now ceaſe anie more to be fruitful,
Ceaſe to be deckt with flowres, and all in greene to be mantled,
Thy flowre is withered, my garland ſatie decayed,
Phillis thine and mine with death vntimeliie departed,
VVhoſe ſweet corpe thou baſt, whoſe footſteps in thee be printed,
And whoſe face thou didſt admire for beawtie renowned,
Belch out roaring blaſts with gaping iawes, to the heauens,
That thoſe roaring blaſts may ſcoure by the ſkyes, by the heauens,
And foule ſtruggling ſtorms caſt down fro the clouds, fro the heauens
For ſuch foule weather will beſt agree with a mourner.

Howle and mourne thou earth, and roare with an horrible outcrie,
Howle as then thou didſt, when mountains were to the mountains
Put, by thy curſed brood, to be clyming vp to *Olympus*,
VVhen great flakes of fire came flaſhing down fro the heauens,
VVhen thy crawling ſons came tumbling down from *Olympus*.

Howle as ladie *Ceres* did then, when prince of *Auernus*
Stole her daughter away from fields that ioyned on *Etna*,
Vnto the dungeons dark, and dens of his helliſh abiding.
Thou ground, forgetful what was by dutie required,
Shouldſt ſend, vnbidden, with *Phillis*, teares to *Auernus*.

Her bleſſed burden thou waſt vnworthie to carrie,
Therefore tender girle in flowring age ſhe departed,
O frowning, fortune, ô ſtars vnluckilie ſhining,
O curſed birth day of quite forſaken *Amintas*.
Phillis, alas, is changd, *Phillis* conuerted in aſhes,
VVhoſe pretie lips, necke, eyes, and haire ſo ſweetlie beſeeming,
Purple, ſnow, and fire, and gold wire ſeemd to reſemble,

Tithonus faire wife coms alwaies home by the ſunſet,
Euerie night coms home to that old *Tithonus* her husband,

The fourth Lamentation.

Sweete Cephalus leauing, and graybeard hartily kissing:
But my Phillis, alas, is gone as farre as Auernus,
Gone too farre to returne, and this tormenteth Amyntas.
White is blacke and sweete is sowre to the sence of Amyntas,
Night and day doe I weepe, and make ground moist by my weeping,
Mourne, lament, and howle, and powre forth plaints to the heauens,
So do the Nightingales in bushes thorny remayning
Sing many dolefull notes and tunes, sweet harmony making,
Their yong ones mourning, their yong ones daily bewailing.

Phillis, alas, is gone, shee'le neuer come to Amyntas,
Neuer againe come backe, for death and destiny stay her,
Stay her among those groues, and darksome dens of Auernus,
Wher's no path to returne, no starting hole to be scaping,
Desteny, death, and Hell, and howling hydeus helhound,
Loathsome streams of stix, that ninetymes compas Auernus,
Stay her amongst those hags in dungeons ougly for euer.
Only the name and fame, and her most happy remembrance
still shal abide, shal liue, shal flourish freely for euer.
Thus did Amyntas speake, and then came feyntly homeward,

The





The fyfth Lamentation.

S Ince Phillis buriall with due celebration ended,
Phœbus againe aduanc't his blasing face fro the maynesea
And with morning Star dispelling night fro the heauens
Quickly the fifth time brought broad day light vnto Amyntas :
But yet Phillis in heart, in mind, and soule of Amyntas
Stil did abyde, and stil was Phillis mournd of Amyntas.
No care of driuing his goats and kidds to the mountains,
No care of folowing his sheepe and lambs to the pastures,
But dailight loathing, and dayes worke wonted abhorring,
Straight to the woods doth he walke, in no mans company walking,
Where hee the weeping flowre making al weary by weeping,
Vntuned speeches cast out, and desperat outcries,
Where, with sobs to the windes, with teares increase to the waters
Stil did he giue, and stil vayne loue molt vaynly bewayled.
As louing Turtle seeing his lately beloued.
Turtle-doue thrown downe from tree, with a stone, with an arrow,
Can not abide sun-beames, but flies fro the fields, fro the meddows,
Vnto the darkeft woods, and there his desolat harbor
Makes in a Cypres tree, with lightning all to be scortched,
Or with Winters rage and blacke storms fowly defaced :
Where on a rotten bow his lym's all heauy reposing,
Stil doth he grone for grieve, stil mourne for his onely beloued,
Then consum'd with grieuous pangs, and weary with anguish,
Down to the ground doth he fal with fainting wings fro the barebow,
Beating dust with wings, and feathers fowly beeraying,
Beating breast with beack til bloud come freshly abounding,
Till lyfe gushing forth with bloud goe ioyntly together,
So did Amyntas mourne, such true loue made him a mourner.

O what a vyle boy's this, what a greuous wound, what a weapon?
O what a dart is this that sticks so fast to my heart roote,
Like as roots to the trunck, or life as vine to the Elmetree,
Iuy ioynd to the walls, or greene mos cleeu'es to the foule ponds,

The fifth Lamentation.

O pitiles Ioue-god: poore louers how be we plagued?
O strong dart of Ioue which each thing speedily pearceth
This dart God Saturne, God Mars, and great God of all Gods
Ioue himself did wound, vnles that fame doe beely them.
Although God Saturne were old and like to a cruelt crabb,
Although Mars were armd with try'd, Vulcanian armour,
Although Ioue with fire and thunder maketh a rumbling.
Yea thine owne mother, thine owne inuincible arrow
Hurt; and prickt those papps which thou wast wont to be sucking.
Neither spar'st thou him that raigns in watery kingdome,
Neither spar'st thou him that rules in feareful Auernus,
Pluto knows what it is with a paltery boy to be troubled,
Neptune knows what it is by a blinde boyes check to be mared.
Then since heauen, seas, and hell are nought by thee spared,
Earth and earth dwelling louers must looke to be pinched.

O what gaping earth wil Amintas greedily swallow,
O what goulf of Seas, and deepes, will quickly deuoure him?
And bring him lyuing to the deadmens souls in Auernus.

Gods of skies (for Ioue hath pearlt oft vp to the heauens)
Yf pity moue your harts, if you from stately Olympus
Can vouchsafe to behold these inward wounds of Amintas,
Free this troubled soule from cares and infinite anguish,
End these endles toyls, bring ease by my death to my deaths-wound.

O that I had then dy'd when Phillis liu'd with Amintas,
In fyelds when Phillis sang songs of Ioue with Amintas,
In fyelds when Phillis kist and embraced Amintas,
In fyelds when Phillis slept vnder a tree with Amintas,
Blest had Amintas beene, if death had taken Amintas,
So my Phillis might haue come and sate by my death-bed,
Closing these eye-lids of dead, but blessed Amyntas, (hands.
Blest, that he dy'd in her arms, that his eyes were closd by her owne
But what, alas, do I meane, for death thus still to be wishing
Foole that I am? For death coms quickly without any wishing.
Inward griefe of troubled soule hath brought me to deaths doore,
Woonted strength doth faile, my lymys are fainty with anguish,
Vitall heate is gone like vnto a smoke, to a vapor,
Yeasterday but a boy, and now grayheaded Amintas.

O luckles louers, how alwaies are wee beewitched?

What

The fifth Lamentation.


What contrarieties, what fancies flatly repugnant,
How many deaths, lues, hopes, feares, ioyes, cares stil do wee suffer?
O that I could forget Phillis, many times am I wishing,
O that I had dy'd, for Phillis, manie times am I wishing,
Thus distracted I am ten thousand times by my wishing.
Like to a shipp through whyrling goulfs vnsteadily pasing,
Floating here and there, hence thence, with daunger on each side,
Fearing Scyllaes iawes, and mouth of greedy Charibdis:
Whilst by the rage of Sea brist shipp sticks fast to the quick sands,
And by the mighty rebounding waues is lastly deuoured.

But what, alas, doe I meane mine olde loue stil to be mourning,
Forgetting pastures, and flocks, and vines by my mourning?
My naked pastures with fludds are like to bee drowned,
My fyelds vntilled with thorns are like to be pestred,
My poore sheepe and goats with cold are like to be pinched,
My pretty black bullock wil come no more to my white cowe,
And by the swynes foule snout my vines are like to be rooted,
For want of walling, for want of custumed hedging,
Ranck boughes in vinetree ther's no body now to be cutting,
Cutt boughs with wythy twiggs ther's no body now to bee binding,
Pecking pyes from grapes ther's no body now to bee keeping.
You rocks helpe me to mourn: rocks, pynetrees loftily bearing:
You woods helpe me to mourne: woods alwayes wont to be silent:
You wells helpe me to mourne: wells cleare and like to the Christal:
Vines forlorne, forsaken shrubbs lament with Amintas:
On you rocks many times Phillis way woont to be walking,
In you woods many times Phillis was wont to be sitting,
With you wells many times Phillis was wont to be smyling,
And you vines and shrubbs Phillis was wont to be fingring.

Now 'twas iust darknight, and home came seelly Amintas.

The





The sixt Lamentation:

SInce Phillis buriall, six times sprang light fro the mountaines,
Six times had Titan brought backe his coach fro the mainsea,
And flying horses, with salt waues all to bedashed,
With puffed vp nostrils great fire flames lustilie breathing:
When to the wild woods went careles, yet careful Amintas,
Leauing flock in fold, no creatures companie keeping
Beating breast with fist, with teares face foulie defacing,
Filling waies as he went, with such and so manie wailings
As were sometimes made by the sweet Rhodopeian Orpheus,
When by the rocks of Thrace, by the fatall water of Hæbrus,
His sweet Euridice with most sweet voice he bewailed,
Euridice twice lost, by the cursed lawes of Auernus,
When sweet voice sweet harpe ioined most sweetlie together,
Made both birds and bealts and stocks and stones to be mourning.

Euerie beast in field wisheth darke night to be comming,
Morning starre by the birds in fields is sweetlie saluted,
As soone as she begins by the breake of daie to be peeping,
Euerie beast in field wisheth darke night to be comming,
Euning starre to the kids well fed coms hartelie welcom,
As soone as she begins by the nights aproch to be shining.
Neither daie nor night can please displeased Amintas;
All daie long doe I mourne, and all night long am I mourning,
No dai's free fro my plaints, and no night's free fro my plaining.

Who so thinks it straunge, that thus tormented Amintas,
Can thus long endure: who thinks it straunge, that Amintas,
Lius, yet takes no rest, but still lius, still to be dying;
This man knows not, alas, that loue is dailie triumphant,
This man knowes not, alas, that loue can worke manie wonders,
Loue can abide no law, loue alwaies lous to be lawles,
Loue altreth nature, rules reason, maistreth Olympus
Lawes, edicts, decrees; contemns Ioue mightilie thundring,
Ioue that rules and raings, that with beck bendeth Olympus.

Loue

The sixth Lamentation.

Loue caus'd Hippolitus with bry'rs and thorns to be mangled,
For that he had soule loue of lusting Phædra refused.
Loue made Absyrtus with sisters hands to be mured,
And in peeces torne, and here and there to be scattred.
Loue forc'd Pasiphae mans companie long to be loathing,
And for a white buls flesh, buls companie long to be lusting.
Loue and luring lookes of louelie Polixena caused
Greekish Achilles death, when he came to the Church to be wedded.
Loue made Alcides that great inuincible Heros,
Maister of all monsters, at length to be whipt by a mistres.
Loue drown'd Læander swimming to the beawtiful Hero,
Vnto the towne Cestos, from towne of cursed Abydos.
Loue made Ioue, that's ruler of earth, and ruler of heauen,
Like to a seely shepheard and like to the fruitful Echidna,
Like to a fire, to a swan, to a showre, to a bull, to an Ægle,
Sometimes Amphytrion, sometimes Dytinna resembling.

But what neede I to shew this blindboyes surly behaiour,
Lewd pranks, false policies, slye shifts, and wily deuises,
Murdring minde, hardhart, dead hand, bent bow, readie arrowes?
No body knows better what bitter griefe is abounding
In loues lewd kingdome, then luckles louer Amintas.
Whether I go to the groues, or whether I climbe to the mountains,
Whether I walk by the banks, or whether I looke to the fountains,
Loue stil waits at an inch, and neuer leaues to be pinching.
Euerie thing complains, and aunswereth vnto my playning,
Euere thing giues cause and new increafe to my mourning.

If that I mourne in woods, these woods seeme al to be mourning,
And broadbrauncht Oake trees their vpright tops to be bowing.
If that I sigh or sobb, this pine tree straight by the shaking,
This peereles pine tree for company seems to bee pyning,
As though himselfe felt th'enduring pangs of Amintas.

And that byrd of Thrace, my woful companie keeping,
Cries, and cals for Itys, with monstrous villany mured,
Mured, alas, by the diu'llish crafts and means of a mother,
Boyled, alas, by the merciles hart and hand of a siter,
Eaten, alas, by the cursed mouth and teeth of a father.
And poore Turtle-doue her mates good company missing,
Sitts on a naked bough, and keeps mee company mourning.

C.

When

The sixth Lamentation.

When that I climbe to the ragged rocks, & creepe to the mountains,
Staying feeble knees with a staffe, for feare of a falling,
If that I then curse death, and raile on destiny fatal,
For marring that face, those cheeks, those yuory fingers
Of my sweete *Phillis*; *Phillis* coms back with an eccho,
Eccho returns *Phillis* fivie times fro the rocks, fro the mountains,
Euery beast which heares these woful plaints of *Amintas*,
Coms, and sits him downe twixt leggs of wofull *Amintas*:
Suffers back to be stroakt with staffe of mourneful *Amintas*:
Claps his tayle t'is belly beelowe, and moan's with *Amintas*:
As that good lionesse, which first was cur'd by a Romaine,
In Romain theater gaue life for life to the Romaine.
O if such pity were in destiny no pitie taking,
Phillis I should not misse, nor *Phillis* misse of *Amintas*.
If that I come to the banks and cast mine eyes to the waters,
Waters augmented with these my watery fountains,
Then these foulemouth'd frogs with iarring tunes do molest me,
So that I am compeld with bowing knees to be praying.
Praying vnto the nimphs in bowrs of water abyding,
That they would vouchsafe to receiue my carkas among them,
And fro the sight of man, fro the light of sunne to remoue it,
As that loued *Hylas* they sometimes friendly receaued.
But yet I with in vaine, and nought can I get by my wishing,
And of my wishing these lewd winds make but a whistling.
So nothing contents poore mal-contented *Amintas*,
Clogd with an heape of cares, and clos'd in an hell ful of horror.
Then to his homely Cabin, by the moone light halted *Amintas*,

The





The feuenth Lamentation.

SIXE nights now were past, and seu'nth day hastened outward,
When with fretting cares, al spent and wasted Amintas,
Went to the wood, stark wood, with great extremitie weeping,
And to the dul deafe winds his late lost freshly bewayling.

O how much this Amintas is altred from that Amintas,
VVhich was wont to be captein of euery company rurall?
Nothing nimble I am with willowe staffe to be threshing,
Nor with toothed rake round heycock for to be making.
Nothing nimble I am, my braunched vines to be cutting,
Nor with sharpe edg'd sucke my fruitful soile to be plowing.
Nothing nimble I am my scabbed sheepe to be curing,
Nor with leaping lads, with tripping trulls to be daunsing.
Nothing nimble I am sweete rimes and songs to be making,
Nor sweete songs and rymes on pleasant pype to be playing.
My sense is dulled, my strength extreamely decayed,
Since that faire Phillis my loue did leaue me for euer,
VVho was worthy to liue, and worthy to loue me for euer.

Phillis, faire Phillis, thou dearling deare of Amintas,
What lasse durst compare with dearling deare of Amintas,
For witt, for learning, for face, for seemely behauiour?
My sweete lasse Phillis was no more like to the gray gowns,
And countrey milkemaids, then nightingale to the lapwing,
Rose to the greene willow, or siluer swan to the swallow.
Phillis amidst faire maids did fairemaids company countnance,
As ripe corne doth fields, as clustred grapes do the vinetrees,
As stout bulls do the droues, as bayleaus beautifie gardens.

Phillis name and fame, which is yet freshly remembred,
Passed abroad so farre, so farre surpast Amarillis,
As that it yrkt and grieu'd disdainful prow'd Amaryllis,
Who stil thought her selfe for beauties praise to be peereles,
But let her hart ful of hate stil pine, let her eyes ful of enuy
Stil be resolu'd in teares, Phillis surmounts Amaryllis,
Phillis dead is aliuie, and so shal liue to the worlds end,

The seventh Lamentation.

Phillis praise shal scape from death and graue to the worlds end.
But what auails it alas dead Phillis now to be praying?
Phillis, alas, is dead, tis too late now to be praying,
And to renew old thoughts and fond conceits by my praising.
Better it is to be low and neuer climbe to a kingdome,
Then fro the scepter againe to be tumbled downe to the dunghil.
For what auails it now that Phillis lulled Amintas,
Lull'd him a sleepe in her arms and slept her selfe with Amintas,
Vnder a cooling shade from scorching beams to defend vs,
Which sight made Æglon and Mopsus teeth to be watrie?
Or what auails it now t'haue gathered iointly together
Fragrant hearbs and flowres by the mantled fields, by the meddows,
Daffadil, and Endiue, with mourning flowre Hyacinthus,
Thyme, Casia, Violets, Lillies, and tweete prety roses
For nymphs and woodgods gay garlands duely preparing?
Or what auails it now t'haue pluckt at strawbery brambles,
Blackeberry briers t'haue spoild, t'haue bared mulbery braunches,
With such countrie fruits our baskets heauily loading?

Or what auails it now t'haue giu'n her so many kisses,
And t'haue taken againe in like sort so many kisses?

Or what auails it now t'haue drawn our talk to the morning,
Or t'haue made our names with box tree barke to be growing,
Names and vowes which nought but death could cause to be brokē?
Wofull wretch that I am, Phillis forsaks me for all this,
And forsaken of her death, hath posselt me for all this.
And yet I am not sick (vnles that loue be a sicknes)
But death coms creeping, and lingring life is a flytting,
And this differring of death is worse then a dying.
Lingring fire by degrees hath spent and wasted Amintas,
As Meleager of old, whose life was left in a firebrand,
Firebrand cast to the fire by the murdring hands of a mother,
When fatall firebrand burning did burne Meleager.
Euery day do I weepe, and euery houre am I wayling,
Euery houre and day dismal to the wretched Amintas,
Yea much more wretched, then that poore seely Prometheus,
Who for his aspyring, for stealing fire from Olympus,
Was by the Gods decrees fast bound with chains to the mountaine
Caucasus, huge and cold, where hee's compelled an Eagle,

Eagle

The seventh Lamentation.

Eagle stil feeding, with his owne heart stil to be feeding.

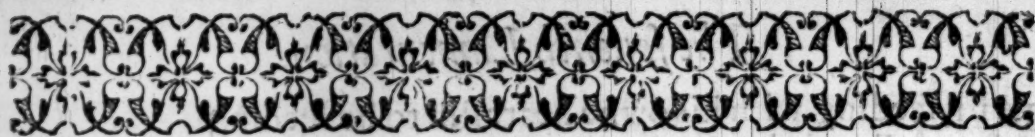
O Pan, ô Fauni, that loue with maids to bee liuely,
Leaue your pipes, your songs, your daunce, leaue off to be liuely,
Ioyne your teares with Amintas teares, and mourne with Amintas,
And mourne for Phillis, for Phillis leaueth Amintas.
Phillis for your sake fine wafers duely prepared,
Phillis pleas'd your eyes whilst Phillis daintily daunced,
Phillis amidst faire maids was deemed stil to be fayrest,
And gaue grace to the rest with her eyes and comely behaviour,
As faire Laurel trees be adornd with beautiful iuye,
As fine golde is adornd by the shining light of a iasper.
Since death of Phillis no ioyes enioyeth Amintas,
Euery good thing's gone: Phillis tooke euery good thing,
Countrey soile laments and countrey men be a weeping.

And thou garden greene now powre forth plaints with Amintas,
Phillis thy sweet banks and bedds did water at eu'ning,
Phillis amidst thy flowres alwayes wait wont to be walking,
But now no walking, but now no water at euning,
Now best flowre is dead, now Phillis gone fro the garden.
And you Christall springs with streames of siluer abounding,
Where faire Phillis saw faire Phillis face to be shyning,
Powre forth fludds of teares from those your watery fountains,
From those your fountains with greene mosall to be smeared:
Phillis wil no more see Phillis sitt by the fountains,
Phillis wil no more her lipps apply to the fountains,
Lippes to be ioyn'd to the lipps of Ioue that ruleth Olympus.

And you darke some dales, and woods aye wont to be silent,
Where she amidst the shepheards, and toiling boisterous heard men,
Her milkwhite shee goats many times was wont to be feeding,
Lament and mourne for this nymphs vntimely departure.

But Pan, and Fauni, but garden greene of Amintas,
But you springs, and dales, and woods aye wont to be silent,
Leaue of your mourning, Ile giue you leaue to be silent,
Leaue to be silent stil, giue you me leaue to bee mourning,
Leaue to be mourning stil, let this most heauie departure,
This death of Phillis bring wished death to Amintas.

Here did he pause for a while, and home at night he returned.



The eight Lamentation.

Since death of Phillis, since Phillis burnt by Amyntas,
Since Phillis burnt bones were chested duly, the eighth time,
Night gaue place to the light, and euning vnto the morning:
When to the woods so wilde, to the wilde beasts dangerous harbors,
Forfaking hye wayes, by the bye wayes passed Amintas:
And there sets him downe al wearied vnder a myrtle,
For grieve still groning, with deepe sighs heauily panting,
Still Phillis naming, still Phillis feintly calling.
And must one wench thus take all the delights fro the countrey?
And must one wench thus make euery man to be mourning?
Euery man whose flocks on these hills vse to be feeding?
And must Æglon weepe, and must that friendly Menalcas
Weare his mourning roab, for death of my bony Phillis?
And must good Coridon lament, must Tityrus alter
His pleasant melodies, for death of my bony Phillis?
And must Damœtas for grieve leaue of to be louing?
Must Amarillis leaue, for death of my bony Phillis?
And must drooping bull consume as he goes by the meddowe?
Must sheepe looke lowring, for death of my bony Phillis?
And must sighs seeme windes? must teares seeme watery fountains?
And must each thing change for death of my bony Phillis?
O then what shal I do, for death of my bony Phillis?
Since that I lou'd bonylasse Phillis more dearly then al these.
Since that I lou'd her more then I loue these eyes of Amyntas.
O then what shal I do forlorne forsaken Amintas,
What shal I doe, but die, for death of my bony Phillis?
Phillis who was wont my flocke with care to bee feeding,
Phillis who was wont my mylch shee goats to be milking,
Phillis who was wont, (most handsome wench of a thousand)
Either clouted creanie, or cakes, or curds to be making,
Either fine baskets of bulrush for to be framing,
Or by the greene meddows gay dauncing dames to be leading,

Phillis

The eight Lamentation.

Phillis whose bosome filbeards did loue to be filling,
Phillis for whose sake greene laurel lou'd to be bowing,
Phillis, alas, sweete lasse Phillis, this braue bony Phillis,
Is dead, is buried, maks all good company parted.
O how oft Phillis conferd in fields with Amintas?
Whilst for nymphs of woods gay garlands framed Amintas.
O how oft Phillis did sing in caues with Amintas,
Ioyning her sweete voice to the oaten pipe of Amintas?
O how oft Phillis clypt and embraced Amintas,
How many thousand times hath Phillis kissed Amintas,
Bitten Amintas lipps, and bitten againe of Amintas?
So that Amintas his eyes inuied these lipps of Amintas.
O sweete soule Phillis w'haue liu'd and lou'd for a great while,
(If that a man may keepe any mortal ioy for a great while)
Like louing Turtles and Turtledoues for a great while:
One loue, one liking, one sence, one soule for a great while,
Thefore one deaths wound, one graue, one funeral only
Should haue ioyned in one both loue and louer Amintas.

O good God what a grieve is this that death to remember?
For such grace, gesture, face, feature, beautie, behauour,
Neuer afore was seene, is neuer againe to be lookt for.
O frowning fortune, ô death and desteny dismal:

Thus be the poplar trees that spred their tops to the heauens,
Of their flourishing leaues despoil'd in an houre, in a moment:
Thus be the sweete violets that gaue such grace to the garden,
Of their purpled roabe despoild in an houre, in a moment.

O how oft did I roare and crie with an horrible howling,
When for want of breath Phillis lay feintily gasping?
O how oft did I wish that Phoebus would from my Phillis
Driue this feuer away: or send his sonne from Olympus,
Who, when lady Venus by a chaunce was prickt with a bramble,
Healed her hand with his oyles, and fine knacks kept for a purpose.
Or that I could perceiue Podalyrius order in healing,
Or that I could obtaine Medæas exquisite ointments,
And baths most precious, which old men freshly renewed.
Or that I were as wise, as was that craftie Prometheus,
Who made pictures liue with fire that he stole from Olympus.
Thus did I cal and crie, but no body came to Amintas,

Then

The eight Lamentation.

Then did I raile and rage, but nought did I get by my railing,
Whilst that I cald and cry'd, & rag'd, and rau'd as a mad man,
Phillis, alas, Phillis by the burning fitts of a feuer,
Quickly before her day, her daies vnluckily ended.
O dismal deaths day, with black stone still to be noted,
Wherin no sunne shin'd, no comfort came fro the heauens,
Wherein clustred clouds had cou'red lightsome Olympus,
Wherein no sweete bird could finde any ioy to be chirping,
vvherein loathsome snakes from dens were loath to be creeping,
vvherein foule f kriche owles did make detestable howling,
And from chimney top gaue woful signe of a mischiese,
O first day of death, last day of life to Amintas,
vvhich no day shal driue from soule and hart of Amintas,
Til Neptune dry'de vp withdrawe his fludds fro the fishes,
And fkaled fishes liue naked along by the sea shore,
Till starrs fal to the ground, til light harts leap to Olympus,
For since Phillis went and left forsaken Amintas,
Ioyes and pleasures went and left forsaken Amintas.
Perplexed speaking, and vaine thoughts only remayned,
Immoderate mourning, and mad loue onely remayned.
Thou Ioue omnipotent, which doest with mercie remember
Mortall mens miseries: which knowlt what it is to be louing,
And thou god Phœbus that sometimes driu'n from Olympus
Feeding sheepe didst loue, helpe luckles louer Amyntas
Feeding sheepe and goats, help poore man, yong man Amintas.
Thou that abridgest breath, thou daughter deare to the darknes,
Cutt this thread of life, dispatch and bring mee to darknes,
Infernal darknes, fit place for mournful Amintas.
So shal Amintas walke and talke in darksome Auernus,
So shal Amintas loue with Phillis againe be renued,
In fields Elyfian Phillis shal liue with Amintas.
Thus do I wish and pray, this praying is but a pratling,
And these wishing words but a blast, but a winde, but a whistling.
Dye then Amyntas Dye, for dead is thy bony Phillis.

Phœbus went to the sea; to the poore house hasted Amintas.

The



The ninth Lamentation.

Since Phillis burial now faire aurora the ninth time
Shew'd her shining face, and Phœbus lightned Olympus:
When from couch all wett with teares, confounded Amintas
Rayl'd his cras'd carkas, with mind stil abroad to be wandring,
Vnto the wilde-beasts dens and feareful vnhospital harbours,
Where was nothing els but certain death to be lookt for.
But whilst naked lims with roabs al ragged he cou'red,
Oft did he call and crie for Phillis, for bony Phillis,
With deepe sighs and grons still Phillis, Phillis he called:
And then drest, vp he gets, and gets himselfe to the desert,
Desert dens, mans sight, and Sunns light euer abhorring.
There by the woods wandring, and loue vnlucky bewayling,
More and more did he feede that wonted wound of a louer.
Like as a trembling hart, whose heart is pearct with an arrowe,
Runs, and yet running his death still beareth about him,
Runs to the thickest groues, yet sweats and bleeds as he runneth,
Runs, and so with toyle and greefe death hasteneth onward:
Then with teares doth he seeke Dyctamus flower by the desert,
Seeks, but cannot finde Dyctamus flower by the desert,
Like to the trembling hart went hartles louer Amintas.
And thus againe at length (his cheeks with water abounding)
From sullen silence abruptly began to be raging.

Since Phillis lockt vp that starlight liuely for euer,
Since faire Phillis slept that long sleepe, what shal Amintas
Thinke, conceiue, contriue, or what shal Amintas imagine,
What shal Amintas doe, that Amintas go not a begging?
For no care is of health, no care of wealth in Amintas,
No ioy, no comfort, but Phillis abyds in Amintas.

Who will fodder now in Winter giue to my bullocks?
Who will now any more bring my white bull to my heifer?
Who will goats and kidds to the ragged rocks be a dryuing?
Who will sheepe and lambs from rau'ning woolues be defending?

D.

VVho

The ninth Lamentation.

VWho will looke to my rams, and wash their fleese in a riuer?
VWho will anoint scabb'd sheepe, least that contagious humor
Once take vent, make waie, and spoile whole flock of Amintas?
VWho will let them bloud, when raging fire of a feuer
Runneth along by the bones, and marrow quicklie deuoureth?
VWho will tender sheepe driue vp fro the fields, to the mountains,
VWhen deepe Thames increast with raine or snow from Olympus,
Driues down wanted wals, and banks all beateth asunder,
Ouerflowing fields, and pastures foulie defacing?
O poore flocke, poore heard, ô life, and loue of Amintas:
Phillis life and loue is gone, ô wretched Amintas.
Eu'n as a marchant man that lost his ware by a shipwrack,
And ship left on sands with blind rocks broken a sunder,
Swims on a board stagging with salt waues all to bedashed:
Driu'n hence thence with winds, and knows no place to be landing:
VVandring here and there, and sees no starre to be shining:
So twixt hope and feare, twixt life and death doth Amintas
Dailie delaie his daies, yet deathes wound beareth about him.
For since Phillis, alas, in a dead sleepe slipt from Amintas,
Inconstant, wandring, distracted, moydred Amintas
Raungeth alone by the rocks, by the woods, by the dens, by the de-
serts, dens, & woods, & rocks, where no bodie walketh, (serts,
No bodie dare aproch for feare of slipperie serpents,
And crawling Adders with balefull poison abounding.
And yet I can not find what I seeke, what I looke, what I long for,
Phillis I mean by the rocks, by the woods, by the dens, by the deserts.
Since that time, that time of grieve and woe the beginning,
Neither sunne by the daie, nor moone by the night did Amintas
Euer see sleeping, though weake and wearie by watching.
And no food I desire for I feed to fast on a fancie,
Loue fils faintie stomack, and euerie part of Amintas.
And I desire no drink, for I drinke vp waterie fountains,
Fountains of salt tears, still trickling, euer abounding,
Like showres in winter driu'n down with winds from Olympus.
O most mightie Pales, which stil bar'st loue to the countrie,
And poore countrie folke, hast thou forgotten Amintas.
Now, when as other Gods haue all forsaken Amintas,
Thou on whose feast daies bonafires were made by Amintas.

And

The ninth Lamentation.

And quite leapt ouer by the bouncing dancer Amintas,
Thou, for whose feast daies great cakes ordained Amintas,
Supping milke with cakes, and casting milke to the bonefire?

And thou furlie Cupid, thou churlish dame Cytheræa,
VVith whose praise I did once, whil'st Phillis abode with Amintas,
Make these fields to resound, make beasts and men to be wondring,
On pitifull poore wretch is no care, no pitie taken?

VWhat? shal I nothing get for making so manie offrings,
So manie sweet perfumes, for saying so manie praiers?

All with a Greene garland with leaues of mirtle adorned?

Are gods vnthankfull? can no grace come from Olympus?

Are gods vnmindfull? why then, what meane I to worship?

VWorship I know not what for a god, when it is but an Idol:

For no guerdon, alas, no good things left for a good man.

Poore foole, what did I meane, on gods or stars to be railing?

As though stars or gods could alter destinies order.

Poore foole, what did I meane incessant teares to be sheading?

Stil to the hils, to the woods, to the fields, to the flouds to be wailing?

Sith these hils, these woods, these fields, these flouds to my weeping,

Can lend no feeling, can aford no sense to my wailing.

Yet will I call Phillis, though no bodie come by my calling,

And weepe for Phillis, though no good come by weeping,

Thus wil I doe: manie men, manie minds; this pleaseeth Amintas,

And yet I can not abide anie more by the woods to be raunging,

And this liuing death, this dying life to be leading:

Dye then Amintas, dye, let Amintas murther Amintas,

So shal that grim Sire, and foule fac'd prince of Auernus,

Some pitie take, when he sees this wound of muredred Amintas,

This wound wide and large: and losse of grau's but a small losse.

So shall Amintas walke, and Phillis walke with Amintas,

Through those pleasant groues and flowring fields of Amintas:

But yet againe to his house, with doubtfull mind he returned.



The tenth Lamentation.

SInce that fatall day and houre vn lucky the tenth time
Faure Aurora betimes by the dayes break rose from her husband,
Husband old and cold, and droue darke clouds from Olympus,
Making way to the sunne, taking her way to the yonker,
Braue yonker Cephalus, whome faure Aurora desired.
Æolus, of purpose, auroraes fancie to further,
Sent forth sweete Zephyrus with tender breath to be blowing,
And moist dew by the fields with whistling blast to be drying,
Least nights colde moisture might stay their louly proceedings,
Stay braue Æolides, stay braue Aurora fro kissing.
Euery thing did smile, woods, fields, ayre, watery fountains,
Euery lapwing sang, and made sweete myrth to the morning,
And cheereful Charites with goldlocks gaily bedecked,
Daunced along by the fields in due and gratius order:
And th' vnruely satyrs by the sound of a paltery pyper,
Leapt and skipt by the woods, in most lasciuious order.
Only Amintas loath'd these sports, and these prety pastimes,
Only Amintas mourn'd, and olde griefs only remembred,
Leauing house and home, and deserts only frequenting,
Scratching face with nails, and Phillis freshly bewailing.
O what means Phillis, can Phillis cast of Amintas.
O consider, alas, consider careful Amintas,
And forget not, alas, forget not faithful Amintas,
Who for Phillis sake, for loue and fancie to Phillis,
Bears this fire in his heart, and still this fire is a feeding.
What means Phillis alone in those faure fields to be walking,
In those Elysian faure fields, and leaue me behinde her?

What's

The tenth Lamentation.

VWhat's there no more care of flock in Phillis abyding?

VWhat? no care of loue, no care of louer Amintas?

O vnthankfull wench, if this thing come by thy causing,

And accursed fate, if destiny cause thee to leaue mee,

See what a strange effect these cares haue wrought in Amyntas

Needeles cares haue driu'n all needefull cares from Amintas.

No care, no comfort in driuing goats to the mountains,

VWhen rising Phœbus displayes his beames in a morning.

No care, no comfort in bringing sheepe to the sheepe coats,

VWhen sitting Phœbus withdrawes his face in an euning.

Rimes are quite set a side, and seu'nhol'd pipe is abandond,

Rimes that I playd on pipe: pipe vsed at euery dauncing.

Leather bottel's lost, and tarrebox broken a sunder,

Shoone, and mittens gone, and sheephooke cast in a corner,

And little olde Lightfoore hath lost his maister Amintas,

VVhose watchful barking made wolues afraide to be byting.

See, how Phillis death doth make my goates to be dying.

No body giues them time and other flowers to be gnapping,

No body giues them drinke and water fresh to be sipping,

No body brings them backe to the folde, or shade to refresh them.

See, how Phillis death doth make my sheepe to be dying,

VVhilst th'vn lucky sheeheard neglects his sheepe to be feeding.

Lambs in woful wise by the wolues are daily deuoured,

Ews in loathsome sort with scabbs are fowly molested,

And their wooll with dust and durt is filthily fowled.

O but, alas, poore foole, whilst thou thus rayl'st on Olympus,

Phillis faire, perchaunce in pleasaunt fields of Auernus,

Keepeth better goats, and better sheepe is a feeding,

Leauing this poore flock, and their poore maister Amintas.

And must onely my death cause endles plagues to be ended?

And shal I neuer die, till time that destiny pointed?

O what a life is this, with life and death to be striuing?

And yet I loue this life, this strife, and euery moment

Reason yeelds to my rage, and rage giues place to my reason.

And whilst breath shal abide in burning breast of Amintas,

Perpetual sobbing shal make these sides to be smarting,

Perpetual playning shal make this mouth to be sounding,

The tenth Lamentation.

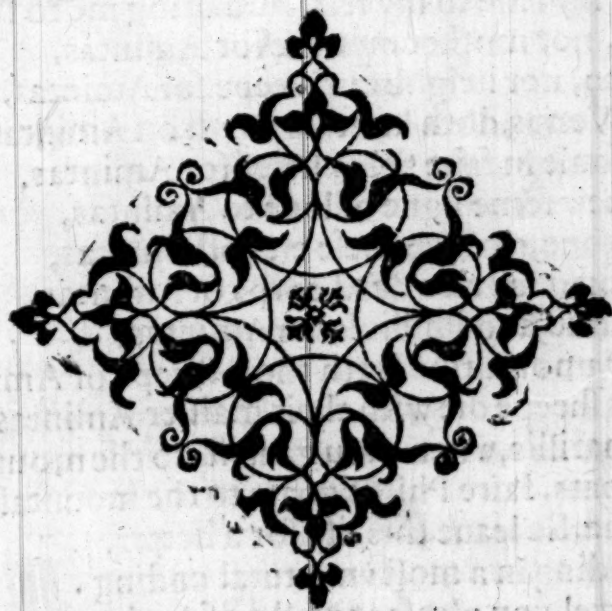
Perpetuall weeping shal make these eyes to be swelling.
As soone as Titaa with face all fyrie returneth,
With violent clamors great clouds wil I cast on a cluster :
As soone as darke night doth spread her mantle among vs,
With teares stil trickling Ile make springs euer abounding.
What iou's like to my rage? what fancy's like to my folly?
That not a day, not an houre, not a moment scapeth Amyntas,
But stil Amintas mourns, since Phillis graue was a making.
That lewd Lord of loue drew my destruction onward,
That boy bred my bane, my death vntimely procured,
When by the sight of a lasse, by the flaming eyes of a virgin
Fire did pearce by my flesh, to my soule, to my bones, to my marrow,
And there burns and boils like scalding sulphur of Aetna.
Who would thinke thou loue could it beare such hate to a loue?
Or wouldst worke such harme to a countrieman that is harmeles?
But bloody boy thou art, thou bear'st bloody mind, bloody weapōs.
And thou most spiteful Nemesis, whose hasty reuenging
Hands are euer at hand : whose minde is mutable alwayes,
At miseries laughing, at mens felicitie grudging,
Why durst thou deale with? what didst thou meane to be meddling
VVith louing Phillis, with Phillis loue Amyntas?
If that Phillis I kist, or Phillis kissed Amintas,
If that Phillis I clipt, or Phillis clipped Amintas,
If that I spent many houres in talking vnder a myrtle,
VVast any great offence, any great disgrace to a Goddesse?
VVe were countrie folke, two seelly 'lt soules of a thousand,
Those golden diadems, that state of a king, or a kingdome,
Those vaunting titles, that pompe of a duke, or a dukedome,
Those flaunting buildings, that pride of an Earle or an earldome,
More fitt for Nemesis: Phillis more fitt for Amintas.
VVho would thinke thou couldest on beggers thus be triumphing?
VVhy should seelly shepheards be molested thus by a Goddesse,
Nay Godlesse Nemesis? for thou doest no body goodnes,
And where's no goodnes, who thinks there can be a Goddesse?
And thou most hellish Lachesis, more fierce then a fury,
What reason foundst thou such mischief for to be working,
That by the griping pains, by the colde hoate fitts of an ague,

Phillis

The tenth Lamentation.

Phillis fitt for a man, should die thus afore she be fitted?
O why shouldst thou take all comfort quite fro the countrey,
And make cuntry men thus comfortles to be mourning?
Could not that sweet face, nor that most seemely behauour,
Nor that league of loue stil lasting leade thee to mercie?
Who would think that thou wouldst haue thus delt with a milkmaid?
But thy delight is death, and bloud thou only desirest,
Therefore bring me to death, take liuing bloud from Amintas,
For my delyte is death; death onely desireth Amintas,
And to procure quicke death, it's fully resolu'd by Amintas,
That faire Phillis againe may loue her louer Amintas.
And yet about euning, with staggering stepps he returned.

The



The last Lamentation, and the death of Amyntas.

ANd now since Phillis dead corps was laid in a coffin,
Came th'e leuenth daie, when weake, yet wakeful Amintas
Spi'd through tyles of his house, faire Phoebus beames to be shining;
Which when he saw, then in hast himselfe he began to be stirring,
And with trembling knees, with mind extreemlie molested,
Passed along to the fields, where graue of Phillis apeare'd:
Meaning there to the graue, to the ghost, to the scattered ashes,
His last lamenting in wofull wise to be making.
But when he saw fresh flowres, and new grasle speedilie start vp,
And Phillis sweet name ingrau'n by the hand of Amintas,
Then did he stay and weepe with an inward horror amased:
And at length his knees on graue there faintlie bowing,
With dolorus gronings, his fatall howre he bewailed.

This day, this same day, most blessed day of a thousand,
Shall be the first of ioy, and last of anioie to Amintas,
This shal bring me my selfe to my selfe, and bring me to Phillis.
Let neither father, nor mother mourne for Amintas,
Let neither kinsman, nor neighbour weepe for Amintas,
For Venus, onelic Venus, doth laie this death on Amintas,
And Phillis sweet soule in faire fields staies for Amintas,
If you needs will shew some signe of loue to Amintas,
Then when life is gone, close vp these eies of Amintas,
And with Phillis corps lay this dead corps of Amintas,
This shall Phillis please, and Phillis loue Amintas,
And thou, good Damon, driue forth those sheepe of Amintas,
Least that Amintas sheepe die with their maister Amintas.
And thou faire Amarillis, when thou gang'st to the mountains,
Driue on Phillis goats, faire Phillis goats to the mountains:
For now tis certaine, Ile leaue this life for a better,
And seeke for mending in a most vnnatural ending.
Hils and dales farewell, you pleasant walks of Amintas,

The last Lamentation.

Wells and fludds farewell, sometime the delyte of Amintas,
Now shal I neuer more my sorrowes vtter among you,
Now shal I neuer more with clamors vainly molest you.
Must then Amintas thus but a stripling murder Amintas?
O what an imperious princeesse is *Queene Cytheræa*?
For still watching loue would neuer let me be resting,
Nor neuer sleeping, since *Phillis* went from Amintas.
And no longer I can susteine these infinite horrors,
And pangs incessant, which now are freshly renewed,
And much augmented: therefore am I fully resolved
Of lingring lou's wound to be speedily cur'd by a deaths wound.
Thus when he had contriu'd in his heart this desperate outrage,
And meant fully to die, with an hellish fury bewitched;
What do I stay, quoth he, now? tis losse of time to be lingring.
Then with a fatall knife in a murdring hand; to the heauens
Vp did he looke for a while; and groan'd with a deadly resounding,
VWith these words his life and Lamentation ending.
Gods, and ghosts, forgiue, forget this fault of Amintas,
Pardon I craue of both: this knife shall bring me to *Phillis*,
And end these miseries, though destiny flatly deny it.
Eu'n as he spake these words downe fell deepe wounded Amintas,
Fowling hands and ground with streames of bloud that abounded.
And good natur'd ground, pytying this fall of Amintas
In most louing wise very gent'ly receiued Amintas
And when he fell, by the fall, in mournefull sort she resounded.
Iupiter in meane time, and th'other gods of Olympus,
When they saw his case (though great things were then in handling,)
Yet lamented much, and then decreed, that Amintas
Soule, should goe to the fields where blessed *Phillis* abideth,
And bloody corps should take both name & forme of a faire flowre
Called *Amaranthus*; for Amintas friendly remembrance.
VWhylst these things by the gods wer thus decreed in Olympus,
Senses were all weake, and almost gone from Amintas,
Eyes were quite sightles, death pangs and horror aproched:
Then with his head half vp, most heauily groned Amintas,
And as he gron'd, then hee felt his feete to the ground to be rooted,
And seeking for a foote, could finde no foote to be sought for.
For both leggs and trunck to a stalk were speedily chaunged,

E.

And

The last Lamentation.

And that his olde marrow to a colde iuyce quickly resolued,
And by the same cold iuyce this stalk stil liuely appeared.
Which strang chang whē he felt, thē he lifted his arms to the heauē,
And when he lifted his arms, thē his arms were made to be branches.
And now, face and heare of Amintas lastly remayned,
O what meane, you gods, to prolong this life of Amintas?
ō what meane you gods, with an hollow sound he repeated,
Vntil his hollowe sounde with a stalk was speedily stopped,
And faireface and heare bare forme and shape of a faire flowre,
Flowre with faire red leas, faire red bloud gaue the beginning.
Then with bow and shaft and painted quier about him
Vprose Lord of loue, from Princelike seate in Olympus,
And when t'was too late lament's this losse of a louer,
Speaking thus to the gods of this newe flowre of Amintas,
Myrtle's due to Venus, greene Laurell's due to Apollo,
Corne to the Lady Ceres, rype grapes to the yong mery Bacchus,
Popplar t' Alcides, and Oliues vnto Minerua,
Gentle Amaranthus thou fairest flowre of a thousand
Shalt be my floure hēceforth, & though thou cam'lt from a bleeding,
Yet bloud shalt thou staunch: this gift will I giue thee for euer:
And by the pleasant fields where gentle minded Amintas
Lately bewaild his loue, there thy leau's louely for euer
Boyes, and gyrls, and nymphs shal take a delyte to be plucking,
Take a delight of them their garlands gaye to be making.
And now in meane time whylt these things were thus a working,
Good louing neighbours for a long time missed Amintas,
And by the caues of beasts, by the dungeons darke, by the deserts,
And by the hills, by the dales, by the wells and watery fountains,
Sought for Amintas long, but neuer mett with Amintas.

FINIS.



Faults escaped.

A the first page, line 14. wanteth a periode at the end. The same page, for outrageous read outragius. Page 2. line 2. for blushing read blushing. Page 5. line 4. for lou'd read loued. The last line of the same page, for fearefull read fearful. Page sixt, line 4. for throt read throate. Page 7. for shall read shal. Page 8. for Lephyrus read Zephyrus. In the same for venomous read venymous.

B.

In B. the 3. page, 2. line, for cause thee yeeld, read cause to yeeld. 5. page line 15. at the end of the line a comma too much. Page 7. line 26, for way read was.

C.

In C. the second page, for wofull read woful. Page 3. line 1. for outward read onward. Line 6. of the same page, for captein read capten. Line 8. for heycok read heycocks. Page 5. for boisterous read boysterus. Page 8. line 11, for signe read signes.

D.

In D. page 2. line 8. for wanted read wonted. Page 3. for will reade wil, also for shall read shal. Ibid. line 31. for Amintas read Auernus.